

THE LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME VIII.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. J. BRYANT,
547 Market st., a few doors above Second,
RESPECTFULLY CALLS THE ATTEN-
TION of the ladies to her new and beautiful
stock of—

Spring Millinery and Fancy Goods

which have been selected with great care in the Eastern markets, comprising the latest styles of Skirts and Straps, Bonnets, Flowers, Ribbons, Embroideries, Laces, Muslin, &c. &c. Perfect care is taken in our selection to make our establishment the grand emporium of the Great West, and to all who favor us with their patronage we expect to find it advantageous and agreeable. Our store is surpasses by few of the many similar establishments in the East, and none in the West, for arrangement and convenience. We shall deal honorably, and treat every visiter of our store respectfully. These statements we hope to prove to the satisfaction of the ladies and the public in general.

april 25th

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

TAYLOR & ARMSTRONG,

No. 481 Main street, near Fourth.

We are now in receipt of a large stock of all articles in our line of business, which have been selected with the greatest care, and are now ready for sale. R. S. TAYLOR, has been our aim to select none but the most desirable and best quality. We promise all who will patronize us, that we will sell at the lowest possible and as reasonable rates as they can be imported for. Remember we are strictly a one price establishment, and no shantem.

TAYLOR & ARMSTRONG, 481 Main st.

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Cheaper than Ever.

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THE STOLEN ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Geraldine Delisle was the year previous to the late Revolution, "which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects of character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes and massive brow, and beautiful hair and white teeth—if she had a wily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room; all the men were almost disputing for the honor of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor; she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected, until at twenty her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. M. and Mme. Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage—the only natural state for adult human beings—that they had promoted the marriage of two sons and an elder daughter; and now that Geraldine alone remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died.

They received numerous offers; but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, that when she declared that she did not like the prospect, they never had courage to insist.

During the season of 1847, Geraldine never missed a party or a ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendor of the Princess Menziken. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

"He's a very bad man," said Mme. Delisle. "Of noble family, titled, young and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He has thrown away thousands on pleasures, and has the unparable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage."

"I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry."

"My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may from caprice or from many motives, object to marrying, but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen."

"Ah, mamma, you have been so happy that you think all must be so; but you see many who are not."

Mme. Delisle, said the Princess Menziken, who unperceived came round to her. "Allow me to introduce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and white kid gloves."

"The princess is always satirical," replied M. de Rougement smiling; "and my harshest oppositions to the government now in power, and which she honors with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement."

Mme. Delisle and Geraldine both started and colored, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, he was accepted, though next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the very "bad man" whom the instant before she had been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from most unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went, she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke: the dance over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came again with clock work regularity.

In their drives Mme. Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysees when he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however, keeping constantly in sight without endeavoring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early soiree, and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the Opera at the very opening, to hear some favorite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from desert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house.

"Why, he is a regular Monte Christo," cried Mme. Delisle impatiently. "How can he know our movements so well?"

"He must have bribed some one of the servants," replied Geraldine; "for the excursion is not being put off."

"This is the last day I shall have any will of my own," said she, "so let me excuse it."

"My dear Geraldine," replied her cousin kindly, "you will always find me ready to yield to you in everything. I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one."

"My dear Edward," put in Mme. Delisle, "a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is everything to us."

"Then let us start," said Edward, laughing, "it will pass the time, and I am eager to try."

"They entered the open carriage which they usually used for their excursions, and started, the sun now shining brightly. Edward was full of spirits; he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent.

Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and every now and then answered in her own playful, witty way. The parents, though happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would always be near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage day is always for affectionate parents a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifices which makes a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like what we can faintly trace in thought as the love of the creator of man."

They took the road by the Bongival, and they were about a mile distant from that place when suddenly they found themselves caught in a heavy shower. The

wagon she explained to her parents, that though in time she thought she should have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying his addresses; she thought he ought to have spoken to her first.—Mme. Delisle replied that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that now all discussion was useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times, with her cousin Edouard Delisle, a young man who for a whole year had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ball room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door.—Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his he should never be happy; he uttered this in a tone which showed how fully he expected to be again refused.

"If you can get mamma's consent Edouard," she replied quickly, "I am not unwilling to become your wife."

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment.—Geraldine rose at the same time.

"But where is your rose?" said the young man still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

"It is gone, cut away with a knife!" replied she thoughtfully; "but never mind; let us look for mamma."

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his aunt and cousin to their carriages he got in after them, quite an unusual thing for him.

"Why, Edouard, you are going out of your way," said the father. "I know it. But I cannot wait until tomorrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent."

"My dear girl!" exclaimed her mother, "why did you not tell us this before? You would have saved us much pain and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected?"

"I did not make up my mind until this evening," replied Geraldine. "I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. He was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection."

"I shall remain here," said Geraldine; "My shoes are thin; besides, I wish to have another look at the pictures."

"You will then authorize me to accept him?" said M. Delisle.

That evening Edouard entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time. When he went away he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day month. Geraldine looked pale the next day; and when her mamma noticed it, said she would go to no more party. Presently she stood before a curtain which had been hastily drawn for a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil sketch of herself.

"My God!" she cried passionately, "he did love me then; what fool I was to will you have another look at the pictures."

Edouard denuded, but the young girl bade him go at once; and like an obedient lover he took the mamma's arm and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously around, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a curtain which had been hastily drawn for a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil sketch of herself.

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